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CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1622.

Choice Poetry.

TOO LATE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Too late—too late! How heavily that phrase
Comes, like a knell, upon the slumbering ear,
Telling of slighted favors, wasted days,
Of privileges lost, of hopes once dear
Of opportunities given and fortunes thrown there
The wrestling's ruthless heart must penetrate,
All that he might have been, in thought he was;
And remorse will be the keenest of his pangs—
Too late—too late! That direful word pervades
Forever on earth, but not immortal pain;
There may'st have lost the confidence of friends,
The love of kindred thou may'st see or regain;
But there is One above, who marks thy tears,
And sign, for thee salvation's golden gate;
Repentance, sorrow, contrite heart, may be there;
Believe, and swear—it is not too late!

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE DISCARDED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND ELEANORE," "HARRINGTON,"
"THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.—CONTINUED.

In the meantime, Frank and Zuleime pursued their ride. At once in they were out of sight and hearing of a band of half laborers, employed to repair the highway, and of whom they had passed the mountain path, Frank said,

"Well, Zuleime, my dearest girl, I spoke to your father—"

"And his answer—I almost dread to hear it—put a heavy cloud on mine, too."

Frank nodded his head, and they rode on in silence for some minutes, broken at last by Frank, who suddenly exclaimed,

"Zuleime! you hear this as well as me! Why do you never tell me a new thing to me? I have known it, and been prepared for it all along?" replied the girl, with a look of ready solace.

"Oh, Zuleime! is there no way to prevent it?"

"None that I know of, Frank!"

"Consider! I was in every way his equal—why, when that is the case, and when I was supported by your voice, too—why was I rejected?"

The maiden shook her head.

"Zuleime, this is the bitterest marriage opposed to come at—do you know?"

"Whatever Major Cabell chooses to demand at my hand, I believe!"

"Really! Upon my word! He is a personage of tremendous importance! Whatever he chooses to demand your hand! Zuleime! that is passing strange! This affair seems then to rest entirely with Major Cabell!!!"

"Yes, it does entirely."

"Bless his Majesty. Zuleime, *what hold has that man on your father?*"

Zuleime shook her black ringlets mournfully, but did not reply.

"Do you know, my dear girl, that I am impressed with the idea that your father does not at heart wish to give you to Major Cabell, but rather yield to a strange power the man holds over him?"

"I cannot! I know he does not!"

"At times I have thought so, too. But then my dear father is either insane really some at not upon the marriage, that the thought has been driven out of my head again! I do not know what to think! But what I *do* know is, that I will never willingly do anything to give my dear father pain!"

"My dearest girl, do you know that I believe, from my very soul, that my marriage with Major Cabell will give your father more pain than any other circumstance could?"

The young girl looked up in surprise.

"Zuleime! he told me to-day, that though he had consented to wait for Major Cabell, he would rather die than see you unhappy, or stand in the way of your future happiness!"

"My dear father! My dear, gentle father! My fond, old father!" exclaimed Zuleime, with the bright tears of love and gratitude shining like dew on the red rose. "My kind, generous father! He shall never know that I am unhappy! And Major Cabell will be willing when pleasing him?"

"My dear, excellent girl! listen to me! You shall not be unhappy my way! Do you suppose, Zuleime, that I could ride by your side so cheerfully, if I thought you were going to marry that man, on whom your father so most wishes to confer you, than he would be—I was to perdition! Listen, my darling girl! When your father told me all I have repeated to you, he was, I am sure, in that moment, *fearfully* remorse, it was incumbent on him to fulfil his promise. Now, I believe your hand, Major Cabell, *under some insurmountable obstacle*, would never be obtained by him!"

Zuleime! a flood of light broke on me then! and I felt and knew that the old man would yield his darling child to the highest bidder, the highest power exercised over him by Major Cabell, rather than lose him with sickness and death like! Zuleime! without vanity, I think that he loves me better, and would prefer me for a son-in-law, if I could be his choice. I think, indeed I do, that he would bail with sacred joy "an insurmountable obstacle," which would prevent the marriage, and not implicate him in any manner. I think that was what he meant when he said that I was his child, I am content that the words slipped from him unintentionally. I am certain he did not mean to give me the hint, which, nevertheless, I take, for he is a man of strict honor, I know, and would never tamper with the secret of a promise any more than he would break the seals—"

"Oh! no, he never would, indeed!"

"And again, my dearest girl, when I asked him just before we came away, whether, at any future time, under any possible contingency, I might hope to obtain his consent to our union, he assured me that I might not, and earnestly entreated me to forget you! That further confirmed me that he had had no design in giving me the hint upon which I am about to act—do your best me, dearest Zuleime!"

Zuleime did not, or at least did not appear to.

"Zuleime, my darling, my love," said Frank, in a tone of tenderness, "I am about to raise 'an insurmountable obstacle' to your marriage with the Major!"

Zuleime turned deadly pale with surprise and terror, and glanced wildly around, while she fell upon his arm and seemed about to faint.

"Why, Zuleime! Come, come. What is the matter? Don't be afraid! What, afraid of me, of Frank, your playmate? Why, look up in my face and see! Come, this is very poor heed! I want to talk to you! There! there! Why, what are you afraid of? I will talk to you or stop without your consent, sweet Zuleime?"

The infinite tenderness of its words, tone and manner, removed the frightened girl, and she raised her head, now suffused with blushes, and supported her self-possession, and turned her waist, while he pointed down into a narrow valley to the right, and said,

"There! look there, Zuleime. Do you see that little stone house—there in the bottom of the glen—there by the spring—and so much like the rocks, near it, and so deep in the shade as hardly to be distinguishable? Do you see it?"

"Yes," trembled the maiden, coy low.

"Do you know who lives there?"

"No."

"A good old man! A saintly old man! A poor Baptist Missionary Preacher, who lives in that but quite alone, and preaches there every Sunday to an humble congregation, composed of poor mountaineers and negroes. He has devoted his life to labor among the mountain people, and has done wonders in reforming them! Is it possible that you, living in the same neighborhood, know nothing of him?"

"Oh, yes! I have heard a great deal about Mr. Saunders, only I did not know where exactly his hut was. There are so many of them, you know!" said the girl, somewhat recovered, and much interested.

"My dearest Zuleime! we will go down to that hut! I have a plan in my head, that, *so gratifully cutie!* that the old man is at once won! He will tell him the whole story, as he has told it to us, and get him to use that required influence! Is it unreasonable obstacle?"

"Oh, Frank!" exclaimed Zuleime, shocked, delighted, terrified, overjoyed.

"But, my dearest Zuleime! my dearest love! I have remarked an oath in Heaven, to save you from that marriage with Cabell! And I will never leave you until you swear to me, that you refuse now, I will throw up my commission in the army, and live there in that hut with the old parson, until you do consent!"

"But, my father, Frank! My dear father!"

"Your father will be glad!" Have I not served over the whole story again, and added, And, Zuleime, have you no love, no pity left from your father to name upon the poor soldier who loves you so, and who is going out to the wars, where he may lose his life, or be left dead, or be burned alive, or eaten raw within a month by the Indians? Have you no pity for him but prayer!" etc., etc., etc. Over and over again, fervently, earnestly, imploringly, despairingly he repeated his arguments and his prayer, while he supported the agitated girl with his arm, through the mountain path, Frank said,

"Well, Zuleime, my dearest girl, I spoke to your father—"

"And his answer—I almost dread to hear it—put a heavy cloud on mine, too."

Frank nodded his head, and they rode on in silence for some minutes, broken at last by Frank, who suddenly exclaimed,

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"Do you call that a pig?" said my observant friend, looking at the gaunt-ribbed animal before us.

"Indeed, I do," I replied, with a sigh. I had been there for three days, and I had little better settled, I thought the world owed me a living, and that I was entitled to it without any exertion. I had a vague idea that I was born to be a gentleman, and that it was the duty of society to see that I was one.

"Do you really think you could have?" repeated my friend.

"I do indeed," I said, somewhat nettled at what all this could mean.

"I have that; but have you the means to spare for it?"

I have begun to suspect what sort of a question was the correct one to answer.

"No, you must to borrow some? I have some—upon."

"You don't say so. Well, now, there's strange a coincidence—neighbors of you, indeed. I am poor, and you are rich; besides, I'm troubled in with the headache, and you don't mind it; you need lend a cup of strong tea."

"The money I have just given you will buy a quantity of the best in the market."

"I guess that isn't so. The first time you go to my neighbor's shop, after I get you started to sell it for her to buy some pipes—"

"I shall not deal with you in a manner so dishonest! I guess I merited better! Lend them your people in this country have no money; and those who once sell cloth will get it back in time. But Betty Flyn—you told me that you are a poor Irish, and have your own living to get in this country. So I guess you can well afford to lend a neighbor a spoonful of tea."

"Jehoiakim! Whose do you live, and what is your name?"

"My name is Betty Fyn—till Betty Fyn; I live in the log shanty over the creek, at the end of the road—the last cabin going to my right hand. I'm a widow with twelve sons; and 'tis hard work to scratch along."

"Do you mean twelve children?"

"Sewer! What mean I. It come one's mind when one's mouth is everybody means in this country. I never see any of those Irish, and I never see any of those children. The girls open their mouth, and the boys open their eye, and I'll did not know it; if I did not know it, I should go to a Christian hall alone, or I dropped some of the sweet of them."

"I would do wisely to drop the root; we can serve every one by sewing."

"Well, you don't say! I always heard they were very ignorant. Will you lend me the tea?"

The woman was such an original, that I gave her what she asked. As for the tea, I knew she took up one of the apples I was peeling.

"I guess you have a fine orchard?"

"They are the best in the district."

"They are the best to be sold?"

"We have no orchard to lose, and I guess you'll want some."

"Sewer! What is same is?"

"You must have orchard to sell? You see sewer! have to apples cut up and dried, to make large pies in the winter. How do you comprehend?"

I nodded.

"Well, I was going to say that I have no orchard, and that I have a large family to feed of them; and if you'll give me twenty bushels of your best apples, and find me with half a pound of sewer sugar, I'll make them dry for you, and they will still at old rate."

"Flummery! I see her shanty down the lane; and irreclaimably to exhibit, "Betty Fyn: Apple Fyn! Pears Betty Fyn! The Lord deliver me from Betty Fyn!" The last time I was honored with a visit from this worthy, she wanted to know if I had a very large stock of my goods and obolish.

"Well, Mrs. Fyn, what do you want to-day?"

"So many things that I scarce know where to begin. Ah, what a thing 'tis to be poor!—First, I want you to lend me the pound of tea to make some jubbie-wubbie."

"I thought you made use of Indian meal?"

"I'm, yes, when you've got the meal. I've not of it, and this is a new thing of my own invention. Then is a slight sugar, sewer; will 2 1/2 bring you one of the cakes to taste."

"Thy sugar, my good woman—"

"Sewer!" I see anxious to see how he was sewed. I was anxious to see how he was sewed, and determined to afford her all possible.

"I want you to lend me a gown, and a pair of stockings. I have to go to Cowego to see my husband's cousin's sister's first baby christened."

"Mrs. Fyn, I never had my clothes in any but. If I do, I shall be ill for a month, and I never them again."

"So much the better for me," (with a hearing grin.) "I guess if you won't lend me the gown, you will let me have some black shawl to spoil a bit of mourning, and you will lend me a bon and some sugar; and I will bring them back to-morrow."

"I wonder when that will be. You owe me so many things that it will need you more than you imagine to pay me."

"Since you're not going to mention what's past, I can't see much use. But I will pay you off the ion and the sugar, if you will lend me a five-dollar bill." This was too much for my patience to forbear, and I replied somewhat sharply.

"Mrs. Fyn, it surprises me that such proud people as you Americans should condescend to the meanness of borrowing from those whom you affect to despise. Besides, as you have repay as for what you pretend to borrow, I look upon it as a robbery; and that the vender will immediately notify among you, their good nature to lassie to supply your domestic wants, or a chimera supreme, besides the inconvenience of finding that they have been deceived and kick out of their house. If you would only be so honestly to me and say, 'I want those things, I am too poor to buy them,' and instead of this be obliged to you to give them to me,' I should then acknowledge you as a common beggar, and treat you accordingly; give or not give, as it suited my convenience. But in the way in which you obtain these articles from me, they are spared even a debt of gratitude; for you well know that the many things which you have obtained from me will be a debt owing to you by way of judgment."

"Sewer! Mr. Fyn," quoth Betty, not in the least absorbed at my lecture on honesty, "you know what the Scripture says. It is more blessed to give than to receive."

"Ay, there is an answer to that in the same book, which I believe you have in your house," I said I, disgusted with her hypocrisy, "'The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again.'"

Here shall I forget the furious passion into which this low apt quotation threw my unprincipled applicant. She left the house in a rage, and vented me, using some of the big oaths temporarily discarded on account of the sex. And so she left me, and I never looked upon her face again.

On Good Terms with Death.—In the fourteenth part of Tonquin, the highest compliment you can pay to a distinguished personage, and the deepest salutation you can receive, is to ask in the present of a coffin. A member of Cochin-China, if you be native enough, and living in caution, as a New Year's present, to the Bishop of Lamedon, who had instructed them in theology, saying that he was growing old, and they could never have a more suitable opportunity to offer him their best attention from the present. At the same time they called his attention to the excellence of the wood and the beauty of the work. He took the wisdom of the ceremony; as person who has reached the age of fifty is supposed to be near his end, and may order from die his prospective use, but serves even now, as a table by day and a bed at night. Among the Siamese of a family in good circumstances will continue to offer handsome coffins to their friends and acquaintances of people under them, as a present to a venerated teacher. Death there has no terrors. A young widower, old, young child, dead, fell dangerously sick, and the first care of his friends was to borrow a coffin for him. When this was necessary to the sufferer he roused up with joy, and asked to see the borrowed article. "How," said he, "can I die, for if I live I shall have to return it, and who knows if I can ever procure another?" In the same spirit the friends of a dying person spend a day in search of his approaching end, and of the preparations for his funeral. The coffin, always ordered in, says that one day he visited a choiceborne, whose modesty, though likely to be prolonged, was sure to end finally, and found a coffin standing by his bed-side waiting the morning when he should be called. At the door was the carpenter, engaged in making the cords in sight of his patient, who directed the work with the utmost gentleness.

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AFFECTING LETTER.

The following letter was written by the wife of a condemned murderer, in prison by the most touching things we have read for a long time. Our readers will agree with us in saying, then, there is something sublime in the love which can still cling to the wife of a murderer, when all others point with scorn and loathing, when even the child is taught to avoid, and when she has chosen to live till death; shows the courage and the power of love, and the purity and truth of woman's heart. Her husband's crime was a terrible one, and he has paid the penalty of it with his life. We do not know the circumstances which led to the commission of the crime, but suppose that they were such as would, in the estimation of the world, palliate, rather than aggravate it. But Betty Flyn—you told me that you are a poor Irish, and have your own living to get in this country. So I guess you can well afford to lend a neighbor a spoonful of tea."

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PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1856.

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TERMS, &c.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
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OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,
A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.
BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,
author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,
BY EMERSON BENNETT,
author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the Cream of New Works, Original Lectures, General News, Comic and other Engravings, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 16th, Mr. Cass moved to take up the bill making appropriations for the construction of a ship canal around the Falls of St. Mary. Agreed to.

The original bill proposed to grant 500,000 acres of public land to the State of Michigan, to enable her to construct the canal.

Mr. Felch had moved a substitute for this, authorizing the Secretary of War to contract for the construction [illegible]

[illegible]

... pounds, shall be deemed mailable matter, and charged with postage of one cent an ounce for all distances under 3,000 miles, and two cents an ounce for all distances over 3,000 miles, to which 50 per cent. shall be added, in all cases where the same may be sent without being pre-paid. The bill was taken up, these amendments agreed to, and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. Shields reported, from the Select Committee, the House bill granting land to the States for the benefit of the indigent insane.

Mr. Hamlin reported back the House bill, providing for the election of public printer, and fixing the price for public printing, stating that the Committee were unable to agree upon it. The Senate refused to take up, ayes 25, noes 23.

The Committee on Foreign Relations reported a resolution censuring Mr. Bartlett, our Commissioner, for his course in running the Mexican Boundary line.

The River and Harbor Bill was then taken up, and a number of amendments adopted.

On the 21st, the Select Committee reported unanimously in favor of Mr. Mallory's, of Florida, right to his seat. The Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was taken up. A large number of amendments reported were agreed to. Then postponed.

The River and Harbor Bill was then taken up, and any number of river amendments made to it.

Mr. Borland moved to insert $35,000 for the improvement of Black and White Rivers, in Arkansas.

Mr. Cass earnestly opposed loading the bill with any more amendments. If Senators continued to add appropriations for rivers, there would be amendments offered for the improvement of Black, White, and Red Rivers, and rivers of every color of the rainbow.

Mr. Borland said he did not believe that either black or white was a color of the rainbow.

The amendment was debated at length, and finally rejected.

Mr. Geyer moved to strike out the appropriation of $80,000 for the Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas and Ohio Rivers, and insert the following: "For the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi River, below the Rapids, $50,000; for the improvement of the Ohio River, including repairs of the dam at Cumberland Island, $50,000; and for the Missouri and Arkansas Rivers, $40,000 each.

Mr. Shields moved an appropriation of $15,000 for the Harbor and Breakwater at Waukegan, on the Lakes. Adopted.

Mr. Borland moved to insert an appropriation of $150,000, for the construction of snag-boats, dredging-boats, scows, &c., necessary for the improvement of the Mississippi, Missouri, and other Western Rivers. Pending which motion, the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 16th, Mr. Fuller, of Maine, from the Committee on Commerce, reported back the Senate bill, for the better security of the lives of passengers on board of steamboats. On his motion, the amendments of the Committee were ordered to be printed, and the further consideration of the subject was postponed until Thursday.

Mr. Durkee rose to a question of order. He said during his absence from Washington, Mr. Aiken had made a serious charge against his character, which he now wished to defend. He then alluded to his remarks, the other day, about a negro who was sentenced to be hung in Charleston, S. C., some years ago, but who, for certain reasons, was taken from the gallows, nobody being found, even for a reward of one thousand dollars, to act as Jack Ketch; and in this connection, he alluded to Mr Aiken's refutation as to the truth of the statement. He said he meant no disrespect to South Carolina, but had alluded to the incident in compliment to South Carolina—compliment to that State, to show the triumphs of humanity over a statute law—a triumph of the higher law of reason and humanity. In the course of his remarks, he complimented Mr. Calhoun as a pure statesman, whatever his political defects; and said that the South Carolina Delegation contained more of the elements of independence than those of North Carolina ...

[illegible]

General News.

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

Local News.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

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MEN OF THE TIME; or, SKETCHES OF LIVING NOTABLES.
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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE DECK OF THE OUTWARD BOUND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Here soldiers we bound of the battle-field's glory,
For stern deeds that shall embalm us in story,
With feet bold of step and with hearts strong,
Where all but love says we can bear,
We've left our own native land behind,
And the deck of the Outward Bound.

And the deep that we're on is a changeful one,
Through the light and the dark we've to sail on the waters,
But the Pilot who steers us is sure to be known,
For the Saviour of mercy's our helmsman here,
With a vision of regions beyond,
When a loved one is under a shepherd's kind call,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

How watchful then we look on the night,
As the clouds come up black and lower,
And we speak not a word but I hear their light
In dying away in the sky.
Silent we gaze and we wait, with a shout lip,
And judge by the darkling sea,
How much there is still for each man to do
To keep the ship clear and free.

And across the mighty sea,
Ah, sadly does do we speak by,
When the signs of storms are found,
In many a wreck and many a corse
On the deck of an "outward bound."

There is one that I cherished, when heart is loud,
We sorrow'd as he evolved and lay,
And I thought my love for that one, on the land,
Was sooner or later cast off;
But not so—with pain and with fear he sank,
I find that I cherish the more;
And I think of the sorrowful gap and void,
As I look on the flowers on shore.

I have friends that I love, I have watched the stars,
And cherish from the tempest scared;
For my inconsistency—I am but a weak slender one,
The worst on "outward bound."

I have slept when the mighty forgot to creep,
And the day was wet and a frown,
But I dare not be fearful or cold,
With the flower of a step going down.
I dare not be ill-tried, I dare not be slack,
I dare not be weak and be timid;
For the captain's hook was bright,
And the pennon of duty was floated aloft,
In the fond of a mountain sight.

Oh, I never will renounce affection again,
While rending earth's funeral moan,
But vow till the time is for me to be one,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

Selected Articles.

THE MORMONS.

[From Lieut. Gunnison's "History of the Mormons," we take the following extract. Lieut. Gunnison was attached to the United States Exploring Expedition under Capt. Stansbury, and was kindly received by the Mormons, who, in return, treated him with the greatest hospitality. He has given a very favorable account of them in a very spirited volume;" and this, although the interrogators may have had in their minds' eyes, and coming to the conclusion that they were "outdone by the Mormons."]

PROPHECY.—It has been repeatedly denied that it is a doctrine of theirs to have "spiritual wives."

An intelligent lady informed me that she had questioned B right, when asked by her friends, while on a journey with, to say that "it is no doctrine of ours to have spiritual wives;" and this, although the interrogators may have had in their minds' eyes, and coming to the conclusion that they were "outdone by the Mormons."

The reputation of Joseph (Smith) on the subject of polygamy has probably never been printed, or, perhaps published. When he declared to the council the revelation, it was made known that him, like the rebels of old, and, indeed, like Christ and Paul, these he thought ASHES, should be privileged to have as many wives as they could support and take care of, by the will of a holy household for the service of the Lord. Himself had set the example of taking the wives of many of the people were consecrated to the leaders and high-priests, and subject to them, which they did not like at first; and such was the fascination of the relative existing among them in a new and holy light, and their docility in a belief that every man shall have one wife, and every woman only one husband, as is laid down in the Book of Covenants, scripture.

Yet they often that this allows to the man a plurality, as the world is constituted; wedded; the only applying to the female sister. They go so far as to say that our Saviour had three wives, Mary, Martha, and the Lamb, and that Jesus loved, all married at the wedding in Cana of Galilee.

Again, they teach that the sum and foundation of matrimony is to raise up a posterity, holy people for the Kingdom of God the Son, and of the Millennium they may be instrumental in the hands of God in bringing of the race of the world to the proportion to the size of his household of believers, and a servant of a sister, should, since Sarah, and that for several gratifications it is an element.

Infidelity and licentiousness are held up by adherence; and when the "plurality" has shall be pronounced they will be punished by the decapitation of the offender and its severest chastisement, even to the taking of the right gentleness on the other during the guest time and morning of children. Then the time of visiting will again become a feast of joy, next to the celebration of the nuptial rite, and motherhood blessed.

Quoting the Scriptures that "the man is an unbelief the woman, nor the woman without the man," they say that it is the duty of every Christian to marry at least once, and that a woman remaining single is in a state of sin, without God, and a husband to introduce her as belonging to himself.

And it has been said that some women, disdreating the title of their spouses to enter at all, have been induced to take hold of it for effect as an apostle or high-priest with superior revelations, how far correct we can not say, but certainly formed to state positively, and can only speak of such rumors as existing, and beg pardon for mentioning the scandal.

The addition of wives, after the first, to a man's family, is called "sealing to a wife."

This constitutes a relation with all the rights and sanctions of matrimony;—and as they claim to have the authority to sanction it, which none can bind the parties in the holy vests and make them one flesh, it follows that they have not only true marriages now existing upon earth.

They granted in the motive, and denounced as sin for other consideration than divine, the practical working of the system, so far as now extended, is not open to the charge of desire of the romantic notion of a single love is decried. And not by calling attention to the case of parental affection; where the father's good will is bestowed alike on each of his many children; and they pretend to see a more rational application of a generous zeal in loving more than one wife, than in the bigotry of a partial admiration. The floor since he has proved a wife can see no lay delegation, of granting the privilege of increasing the number of wives; the rule of the primitive ages is applied in the case, and the quicker must first have the consent of the parents, their consent the lady, and the floor.

Every connected woman has a right to demand a man in marriage, if she is impugned on the ground of the privileges of salvation; and the Presidency receive petitions and decide to provide for her; and he has the authority to pronounce any man to be deems competent to support her, "—and this is the only ground for an active man still another cause.

He had a wife firmly believed before becoming a Mormon, who died out of his church; in the Quarterly of Dec. 10th, 1851, "If a Christ found more faithful than Abraham or Isaac," and his God. He shall prove His ways, and the promises of the Lord to Abraham, that the Christian world are not ascribed in their opinion. For how can they believe [of] it at the present day? The Lord—Jesus was the bridegroom and took unto Him Mary, Martha, and the Lamb, and the Jews have it in abeyance not our power.

"If there were an abominable and desultory between our Saviour and these women highly impugned, and if the Saviour had a wife, then God forbid we never of propriety, or of the characteristics of good and virtuous women, and the Lamb [of God] and his wife, then the Saviour poured out His soul unto death, when united to the cross. He saw His seed, and prolonged His days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in His hand." Is not this the case in every day marriage? Is not the Lamb's wife the Lamb? Is it not a sacred matter?—The woman that marries out of the priesthood, cleaves for hell."

* Never writing the above, their teaching on this point is given by Orson Hyde, since of the Apostles, in the Quarterly of Dec. 10th, 1851. "If an Christ found more faithful than Abraham or Isaac," and his God. He shall prove His ways, and the promises of the Lord to Abraham, that the Christian world are not ascribed in their opinion. For how can they believe [of] it at the present day? The Lord—Jesus was the bridegroom and took unto Him Mary, Martha, and the Lamb, and the Jews have it in abeyance not our power.

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I On the 24th of July last, the new-ar said: "Here are the natural duties of matrimony, like the pure love of God [spiritual duties of matrimony], and the exercise of child [spiritual duties of matrimony] are the exercise of the affections between us ourselves as the sons and daughters of the same father, from the ancient one, the joint father of Jesus Christ and us the saints that come [under God], the result in the union of the sons [and daughters] in the holy priesthood." Let it be a sacred matter.—The woman that marries out of the priesthood, cleaves for hell."

* In the trial of Egnor at Coosa Salt Lake City for killing, in cold blood, the murderer of the wife during the husband's absence, it was declared that since the Mormons denied the re-issuance of other governments, and that "The principle, by an act that forms are the tender that most feeble of the entire inhabitants of this country, a single duty. [Laughter.] Another one of his neighbor's wife, must die, and her accuser rebuke her must kill him."

City Scenes.

"Spare a copper for a poor old soldier, my noble Captain? Sure, it's yer honor's face I distinct in the Mexican War!"

Wit and Humor.

A GOOD JUDGE OF DRINKING.—It would be well if all persons could find themselves as ready and freely aloof from excitement in a steamboat race, as a venerable Friend, of Rhode Island, was on board of a steamer, on the Hudson River, on his way to New York. The subject was remarked by a gentleman present, that the Friend was most decided and prompt against such an amusement, and asked if the same objection between Mr. Black, No. 10, or No. 60—if there is practical life can we expect to see or hear of the Friend's being at the "round of